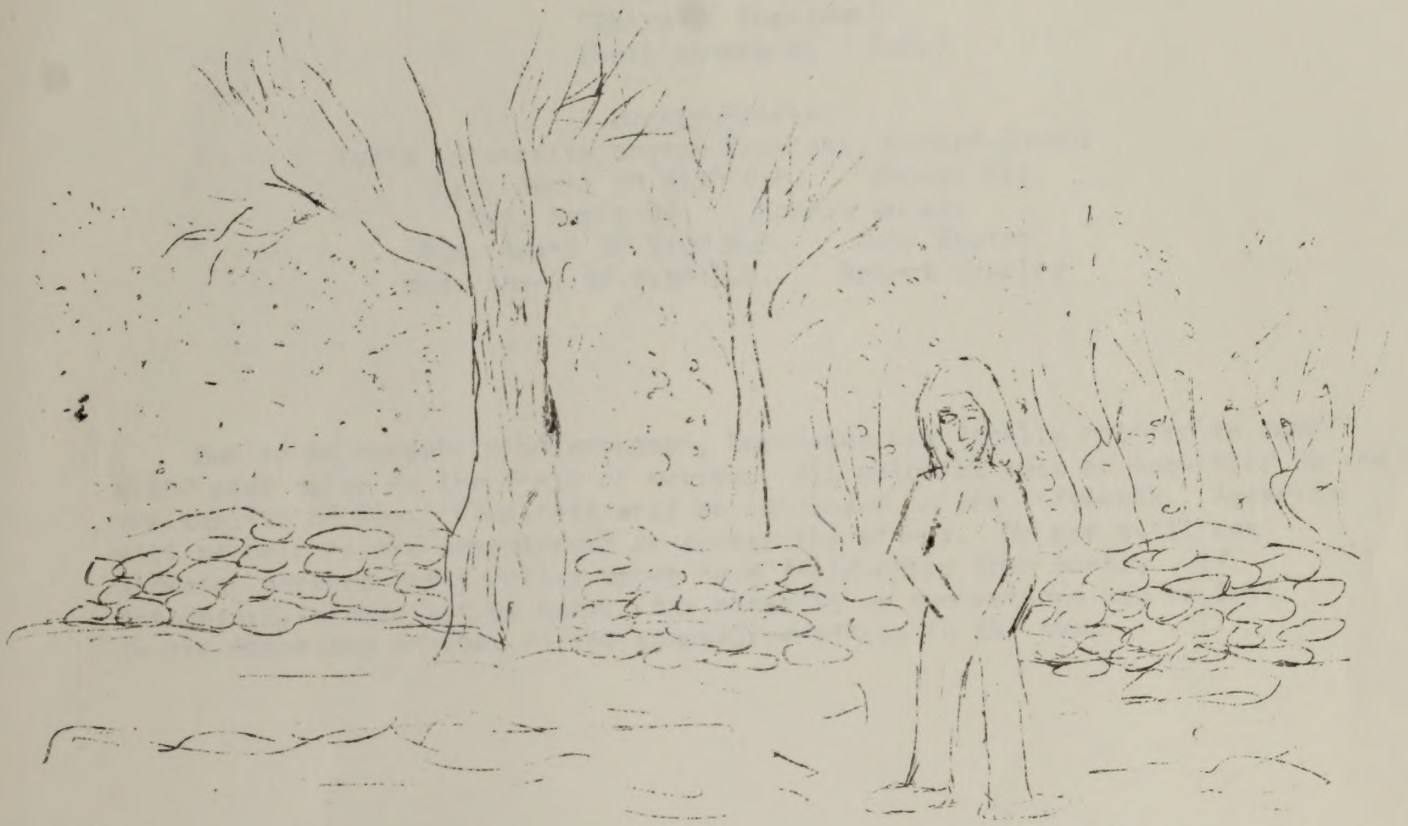


Parnassus



stopping by the woods
on a snowy evening...

April 26

VOL. No.

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Free Movies

BJC Sunday April 30 8 p.m.
"The Forty First" (Chukra)
plus Chaplin's "The Vagabond"

NECCO Mon. May 1, 10 A.M.
Tues. May 2, 11 A.M.
"Jikiru" (Kurosawa)
(both nights at 7 P.M.)

Poetry Reading

Tufts University poetry Festival, Godard Chapel
Fri. April 28 8:30 P.M. Robert Bly
Sat. April 29 Robert Duncan
Sun. April 30 3:00 P.M. Anne Sexton
Sun. April 30 8:30 P.M. Robert Creeley

Due to an overwhelming response, Parnassus has finally decided to award a \$50 cash prize in the field of poetry. All material must be submitted by the twelfth of May. Finalists will be announced on the fifteenth. Awarding will be held on the seventeenth to choose the winner. We are still considering another fifty dollar prize in a field other than poetry. If interested, please let us know. Any material or suggestions may be left in the Parnassus mailbox in the counseling office in the gym.

SATURDAY APRIL 29
ANTI WAR RALLY
BOSTON COMMON

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For Tobie

Love is that intangible something...
that divine sense of being that surpasses all transient thoughts
of daily living.

It is the quickened heartbeat, the rapture and ecstasy of a
lonely heart suddenly encompassed in a world of friendship,
trust, love, and peace.

Love has wings that lift one from above the tempest of life's
torments, and carries the inner being to a safer perch
above the roar and quelling foam of life's sad trials.

Jeanne David

The Altered Feast

War has an insatiable appetite.
Recently he's fulfilled his needs on Pork Chop
and Hamburger Hills.

So I ask you is it fitting is it right
to keep his teeth sharpened
And swollen abdomen tight?

On the table that is yet to be
May war be starved, and man be free.

Bruce Currier

Glory

The military man tries to remember
the justification to blast and dismember:
There's anthems, and heritage, a bugled
serenade

And tantamount to all, pro patria.
How glorious!

But how long has it been since
an alabaster turtle dove was seen to fly?
How glorious that would be!

Bruce Currier

Will a Moonwalk End the War?

Last Friday night (8:00, channel 2) there was a televised discussion of the possibility of substituting space exploration for war. Panel members included Marshall McLuhan, James Gavin, Alan Shepard, and Peter Ustinov. The discussion was rather inconclusive, and no one seemed certain that space exploration was in fact a valid substitute for war.

However, McLuhan was most actively in favor of the hypothesis. He claimed that people would derive the same pleasure from intercelestial nationalistic competition that they do from competition here on earth. This is a thesis which will undoubtedly be toyed with by many in the next few years. Yet it is based on totally false premises.

First it is assumed that people take some sort of national pride in military conflict. And second, that this same pride is transferable to the exploration of outer space, and competition there. I have not found more than a handful of people who take pride, or who express any kind of positive interest in nationalistic competition and these people are rather what we would call fanatics. Most people are genuinely disinterested in wars or conscientiously opposed to them. The vast majority express their disinterest by their lack of knowledge about the present war, and their lack of definite response to what happens there. They are resigned to the supposed inevitability of war, or in some other way act on misinformation or lack of information. On the second point, I have found that the genuine interest and excitement about space exploration trailed off and almost disappeared after the end of the New Frontier days with John Kennedy. Even then there was frankly more excitement about Bob Dylan and the Beatles, even among adults. People are simply not motivated by such abstract things as wars in Southeast Asia and walks on the moon in spite of the immediacy of TV, Mr. McLuhan. People would really rather watch All in the Family because it is about them, and in a real way gives them a sense of importance. If Columbus had asked the American people for millions of dollars to sail the wrong way around the world, they would have sent him elsewhere. It is only legislators and heads of state who support such projects, and then it is only for capital gain or amplification of prestige. There is no doubt that the United States impressed much of the rest of the world by displaying its hardware during the sixties. But this has pretty much worn off. Because travel to the moon is a reality, it has lost its romantic enticement, and people are more interested in the cost of living.

There are of course valid arguments that too much money is being spent on space exploration that should be spent in solving earthly problems. I don't intend to deal here with the massive problem of reconverting missile technology and technologists to other modes of research, except to say that it is a very complicated and important problem toward which attention should be directed.

On the question of war I would like to say that the roots of war are not in some kind of innate aggressiveness. People are aggressive without a

On the question of war I would like to say that the roots of war are not in some kind of innate aggressiveness. People are aggressive without a doubt, but in response only to certain stimuli. The main causes of war are economic, and beyond that there is a kind of feed back which tends to perpetuate a violent confrontation between nations. I should also like to mention that the powerful military organizations which are allowed in so called civilized nations for the purpose of defense tend to collect fanatics in the most powerful positions. Naturally these men are not recognized by the public because they are very successful at presenting themselves in public. Occasionally one is recognized offer as an example Curt's LeMay. Wars such as the current one in Vietnam are not mistakes. Indeed they are thoroughly planned. They are only mistakes to the people of the country who were lead to believe that they were being fought for quite different reasons than was actually true. Moonwalks cannot end wars by sublimating nonexistent impulses. Wars can only be ended by finding their causes and finding different modes of dealing with economic problems.

Stephen Hahn

EDITORIAL

It has been stated that nothing is sacred to Parnassus. That if someone has a gripe, that it will be printed no matter who it hurts. To prove this, I would like to attack one of the few things that we haven't discussed yet. We the students are not Gods. The lawn, the lounge, and the apathy in general testify to this. What besides the parking lot have we rallied together against? No, the blaring injustices that go on here don't phase us. Never mind the sinfui rape of the people in Southeast Asia or the suffering inflicted upon the poor in our cities. No, life goes on as usual for the students of Northern Essex, no matter what may come. We are unaffected. We are either here for a diploma or to play cards, never contemplating our duty as human beings to our brother. No matter what is said, it will probably go unheeded. No one will probably run for Student or Academic Councils. And those that are elected will probably do little or nothing. But I guess we can all accept these things.

Mike Lancevin

The Blind, The deaf, and The Dead

I had a strange dream the other night.
I think it was a dream?
I showed a man a picture of a starving
child, but he went blind.
So I told him about it, but he went deaf.
And when I tried to make him realize that
he didn't understand life,
He dropped dead.

Harry Vishrav

As the water bearer weeps

Towering columns point their earthen fingers skyward
and belch out soot, and poison smokey fumes,
filling the air with stinking, gaseous death.
While the man made titans gather around our
nature's waters,
and spew out scum, and stinking slime.
They push forth filth, and rot from a gigantic
decaying ass.
And, the people of the land,
nale and sick from breathing fart, and drinking
moss of the maniac monsters,
crag and wretch, coughing up the filth, until
knee deep, in a fly filled pit of puke.
When, one day, the earth becomes a massive
sphere of shit,
revolving in a deathly stench, polluting the
galaxie
One broken, mauled, and decaying figure,
a remnant of humanity,
will point it's wretched face toward heaven,
and in a raspy, last breath moan
ask "Why?"

Parnassus is considering sponsoring an orgy. Anyone interested should
see Paul Par's in the Parnassus office in the gym. All candidates will
be carefully screened in order to protect those medically sound.

I shall die in the winter of an old
fashioned death.
Pneumonia would be best.
Yes.

The scene shall be gray, white, brown, and cold.
Cover my thin frame naked as it lies
with a blue silk cloth.

Aolk singer or two.

A few quiet poems.

Then warmth.

My friends, gather round the pyre this
is the last heat of life I may
offer you; at least for now.

Memory remains smiling in your hearts.

Think of romance. think of beach
running slow.

Don't you dare cry. Better to die
young than old and saggd.

Take my package southward into the
country. This city kid is beat.

Arose everyday until you've forgotten;
until it becomes a chore.

En-tan-h: something funny. I give glory
to myself just this once.

I love Yoy.

Jay Jackson

Herkemire,

Pondered the wind in amaze,
He thought of the word that blew
his fact in great, busy suits
of sos gills fleeing way up in the
screw,
of rises that felt like moist relish
on his slones,
of the big rocks that lined his drove,
of the many frauds he blew here,
and there,

And then he thought one big question
WHERE IS MY GRONS ANYWAY?

Donna O'Brien

I.

Gutter tramping, with silver balls
and muddy feet,
linear thoughts crossing three planes
to reach space
where an answer hid
and laughed.
Feeling cold, I found a house,
and someone lived there
so I left but forgot to thank him anyway.
The second time, I broke my hand,
and it hurt,
But Rex was there, and wagged his tail,
and that image scarred my trip
so I bundled up and headed home.
I couldn't do it, so I thought about it,
and made a call,
and combed my hair, then went to bed.

II.

I dropped myself into a huge paper bag
with a book under my arm
so that I could pass the time.
When the sun came up
I killed an eerie feeling of scratches
but somehow couldn't think,
so I had so e coffee
(the clock was broken)
and felt my way out the door
to greet my company.

III.

Yuletide fascism ripped my chest
and sucked the blood
but I didn't know, so I laughed
and drew a picture of my nose.
Toward the end, I saw a face
that didn't fit together,
so I cried real hard, and said a prayer,
but before I was finished my mouth was dry,
and I had to get away to sleep
in the only place of time and the land.

IV.

Gurgled, slurred words of
wasted monotony hung my thought
but worshipped my brain.
I tried to free it, failed,
then slew a legion
of helmeted jargonauts that were trying
to steal my only daughter
She wanted to go, but she married
my cousin and they had a baby
that couldn't walk,
so she slit her wrists and my cousin
went over an empty coffin.
They buried her in an empty coffin.
They buried my daughter in an empty coffin.

V.

The sheriff came today
and told me how to answer questions
but I didn't think I should lie like that,
so I told him to leave.
He didn't like that, but I was right,
and he drove his car away
while he shouted obscenities at my face.
I couldn't bear a dead daughter,
so I sold my silver balls
for forty dollars and bought the empty coffin.
I heaved a sigh, and signed the papers,
(the clock was working again)
waved good bye to my silver balls'
and carried the empty coffin home on my shoulders.
Paul Paris

REMEMBER:

Done will get you through
times of no money
better than
money will get you through
times of no done.

Freewheelin' Franklin Freak

